

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 18.

Boston, July, 1885.

No. 2.

Humanity requires that animals be killed in the quickest and least painful manner. The following circular has been sent to the Police of all our Massachusetts cities and to our agents through the State.

THE HORSE.



Shooting.—Place the pistol muzzle within a few inches of the head, and shoot at the dot, aiming toward the centre of the head.

Blows.—Blindfold, and, with a heavy axe or hammer, strike just below the foretop, at the point indicated in the present cut. Two vigorous, well-directed blows will make death sure.

Be careful not to shoot or strike too low.

THE DOG.



Shooting.—Place the pistol muzzle near the head, aiming a little one side of the centre of the top of the skull, and shoot downward at the dot so that the bullet shall go through the brain into or toward the neck.

Do not shoot too low, or directly in the middle, on account of thick bones.

After much consultation with Veterinary Surgeons and experts, no better or more merciful method of killing cats has been found than to put with a long handled wooden spoon about half a teaspoonful of pure cyanide of potassium on the cat's tongue as near the throat as possible. The suffering is only for a few seconds. Great care must be used to get pure cyanide of potassium, and to keep it tightly corked.

A little boy who was reading a newspaper, paused in his labors and asked: "Pa, does 'Hon.' in front of a man's name stand for honest?" As pa happened to be a member of the Legislature, he said it did.

Take a Hornet.

A scientific writer says that to discover how an insect breathes, "take, say a wasp or hornet." He may mean well, but we shall take neither a wasp nor a hornet. The person who takes either a wasp or hornet to discover how an insect breathes, is pretty apt to do some very rapid and vigorous breathing himself before he proceeds far with the investigation. Better take an insect that doesn't violate the law against carrying concealed weapons.

—Norristown Herald.

A True Hero.

Let me now give you an instance of wonderful heroism, rising to meet the demands of a sudden crisis.

It was not an hour after dawn, yet the great waiting-room of the Central Station was full.

The soft morning air blew freshly through the long line of cars and puffing engines. A faint hum comes from without. It was the great city awakening for the day. A Scotch colly, belonging to one of the emigrant groups, went from one to another wagging his tail and looking up with mild and expressive eyes full of good-natured friendly feeling. Children called to him, some students romped with him, the ladies patted his head, a poor negro in the corner shared his meal with him, and then he seemed to unite all these different groups in a common tie of good feeling. While all this was going on, a woman was washing the windows of some empty cars drawn on to the siding, singing as she rubbed the glass. While her back was turned, her child, a little fellow about three years old, ran to the door of the car and jumped down on the next track. Upon this track the Eastern Express was coming. Directly in its path was the babe; a hush of horror fell upon the crowd. Every eye turned in the direction, and then a low sob of anguish went up from the paralyzed people. The dog, with head erect, and fixed eye, saw the danger, and with a bound and a fierce bark darted towards the child. The baby, frightened, started back. The mother went on washing windows and singing, as the huge engine rushed up abreast of her car. There was a crunching noise and a faint little cry of agony. Even strong men grew sick at the sound and turned away.

When they looked again, the baby was toddling across the platform, crowing and laughing, and the crushed dead body of a dog laid on the track. "Passengers for Pittsburg, Chicago and the West. Passengers for Baltimore, Richmond and the South," so the cry went on, and the surging crowd passed out, never to all meet again in this world. But the faces of men and women were pale, and there were tears in the eyes of some. The poor negro and the millionaire, tottering old men, and frolicking boys had been helped onward, upward, by the friendly, cheerful life, and heroic death of a dumb dog.

Dare we assert, that, when the limp body, sacrificed to save the life of another, lay on the track, the heroic spirit that once animated it was quenched into utter nothingness?

—F. M. Todd, Manassas, Va.

Hidden perils—Pins in the baby's clothes.

Our Dog.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

Our Caesar was a noble dog,
Could swim like fish or jump like frog;
Would never bite, whate'er we'd do—
We'd sometimes in his ears halloo;
He'd only sit and wink.

How often we have seen him go
In pelting rain or blinding snow
To market, holding in his mouth
The basket; be it rain or drouth
He'd never stop to think.

With list and money under cover,
No matter how stray dogs might hover
Around him, sneaking, poking, prying,
To look within the basket trying—
Straight on would Caesar go.

One dog there was—a coward he—
Who'd lie in wait each day to see
Old Caesar passing with his load,
When out he'd pounce and try to goad
Good Caesar fight to show.

At last this proved too much for pride;
Old Caesar laid his load aside;
In righteous wrath he seized his foe,
And with a shaking laid him low,
Then took the basket home.

Next day the butcher heard the story;
(To us it seemed a deed of glory!)
On Caesar's neck of glossy sheen
He hung a wreath of evergreen,
For Christmas now was come.

Oh, good old dog! Well won, I ween,
His victor wreath of Christmas green,
He won it by his doughty deed,
And as his patient spirits' need—
"Good will," it said, tho' dumb.

'T is years ago that children five
Played with the brave dog then alive.
His willing feet have long lain still,
We miss him now, and ever will;
Would to our call he'd come!

—A. M. S., Winchester, Mass.

No one need fear getting out of the road in a dark night
if he unchecks his horse and permits him to pick his way.
His scent is infallible.

An Astonished Burglar.

The much abused cat has a strong champion in a widow who lives on Welton street. The other night she heard some one tampering with her kitchen window, which is directly beneath her bedroom window. She did not wish to alarm the other sleepers in the house, and yet she did not wish to have the robber steal the silverware. So she quietly went to her bedroom window, and taking her house cat by the back dropped him on the head and shoulders of the would-be burglar. In an instant there was a yell and the burglar and cat went around the corner and down Welton street at a terrible rate. She has not seen the cat since.

—Colorado paper.

Mate Horses Wisely.

I have often seen horses in street cars sadly mismated, a high-spirited, active horse with a dilatory one.

They will not start together. The active one will pull the other round and out of the track when they stop. Some further efforts are made at starting, equally futile, when the active horse becomes discouraged, or "crazy," and is condemned as a stubborn horse. If a little common sense was used to mate such a horse properly, or to drive him singly, there would not be any difficulty with him.

"Our Margaret."

In the city of New Orleans there are many monuments erected to the famous statesmen and soldiers of the South. But there is one which has a more pathetic and deeper significance than any of these. It stands on Prytania Street, in the midst of beds of flowers and surrounded by stately dwellings and groves of the orange and palmetto. It is the figure of a stout woman who is seated, holding a little child, on which she looks down, her homely face illumined with a noble benignity and tender love.

"That is our Margaret," the stranger is told when he asks what it means.

All New Orleans knows "our Margaret."

She was a poor woman, who earned her living by making bread, which she sold from a little shop; a thrifty, energetic, business woman, whose heart was full of love for children. Before the counter was always to be found some ragged urchin who would be sent away with full hands and a happy face.

As Margaret prospered, and her bake-shop enlarged into a cracker factory, she had her lovers, like other women. But she turned a deaf ear to them all. The only man she would have married was dead, and her heart was full of love only for children; for the orphans and poor little outcasts more wretched than orphans.

All her money, all her thoughts and care as years passed, went to them.

She founded, out of her scanty savings, a home for them which, as she grew richer, she enlarged and endowed with all she had.

So wise, so tender and benignant was she in her care of them, that this poor, illiterate woman, who was without friends, and upon whose breast no child of her own had ever lain, became "our Margaret" to the people of New Orleans, and a mother to all the poor babies of the great city.

When she died, other charitable women erected this monument so that the homely figure should remain among them, a type of truest mother-love.

The Kitten that Tried to Write a Story.

Monkey Kitten has light-brown eyes, a soft gray coat, and is as cunning as he is pretty. But he got himself in a sad plight, and wasted a great deal of ink and paper, one day, by trying to write a story. His mistress writes stories. She has a large desk filled with writing paper, blotting paper, pens and inkstands. Monkey often sits on the big Webster's dictionary by her side, or on her shoulder, and watches her write. "How easy it seems to be," Monkey said one day, as her pen flew over the paper. "I believe I could do it myself, and I mean to try when I get a chance." He got a chance very soon, for in a few moments the servant-girl called her mistress away, to see the butcher. The door had scarcely closed upon her when Monkey skipped off the dictionary, waved his tail joyfully and said, "Now I will write as fast as I can. I have a splendid story in my head about my brother who went up an oak tree and couldn't get down." He reached out his paw, and took hold of the pen, which had been left in the ink, and gave it a jerk, when, dear, dear me! the inkstand upset, and away went the ink, like a tiny black river, over the paper on which the lady had been writing, over the blotting paper, over books, and desk, and fell in heavy round drops on the carpet.

Monkey knew instantly he had done some mischief, and made haste to jump to the floor. Just then his mistress came back with a nice bone in her hand for him; but when she saw what had happened, she dropped the bone on the floor and ran for something to wipe up the ink.

When she had wiped up the ink, and thrown the soiled papers into the waste-paper basket, and refilled the inkstand, she looked around for Monkey.

"Poor little fellow! I will not whip him this time," she said, "I wonder where he is. Hiding in some corner, I suppose, almost frightened to death." But she was very much mistaken; for Monkey with a dab of ink on his gray nose, and one on each paw, and a long streak on his tail, was sitting in the middle of the room, gnawing at the bone, and purring as happy as though he had never thought of writing a story in all his life.

—Little Men and Women.

Cholera.

The possibility that we may be threatened by Cholera this summer suggests the following on "The Plague" and "The Power of Imagination."

THE PLAGUE.

The Arabs tell this story:

One day a traveller met the Plague going into Cairo, and accosted it thus: "For what purpose are you entering Cairo?"

"To kill three thousand people," rejoined the Plague.

Some time after, the same traveller met the Plague on its return, and said: "But you killed thirty thousand."

"Nay," answered the Plague, "I killed but three thousand; the rest died of fright."

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

Sixty or seventy years ago, an American surgeon named Perkins appeared in London, professing to cure all diseases by means of what he called "Metallic Tractors." These were two small pieces of metals strongly magnetized—applied externally to the afflicted part and moved gently over the surface. They were warranted to cure gout, palsy, rheumatism, and almost every disease to which the human frame is subject.

Stories of the most marvellous cures thus performed soon came into circulation, and in the course of a few months, thousands had availed themselves of the wonderful tractors at 5 guineas a pair. But this price putting it out of the power of many to avail themselves of Perkins's blessed cure, a hospital called the Perkinsonian Institution was actually built by subscription, in which all comers might be magnetized free of cost. There were, however, some few sober men left in London.

Dr. Haygarth, an eminent physician at Bath, in connection with a Dr. Falkner, had some wooden plates painted to represent Perkins's tractors, and resolved to see whether the same effects could not be produced. Five patients were chosen from the hospital at Bath, upon whom to operate, four of them suffering severely from rheumatism in the ankle, knee, wrist and hip; the fifth had been afflicted for months with gout. On the day appointed for the experiment, Dr. Haygarth and his friends assembled at the hospital and with much solemnity brought forth the wooden tractors. Four out of the five patients declared their pains immediately relieved. One felt the knee warmer, and said he could walk across the room.

He tried and succeeded, though on the previous day he had not been able to stir. The gouty man felt his pains diminish rapidly, and for nine hours enjoyed perfect ease. The experiment was tried again, in the British Infirmary, with the same success. A man had rheumatism in the shoulder, so severe that he could not move his hand from his knee.

In four minutes after the pieces of painted wood had been applied, he lifted his hand several inches without suffering the least pain. Here were most convincing proofs of the power of imagination and faith.

Of course Dr. Haygarth's experiments destroyed all faith in Perkins's tractors, and not a soul was cured by their means afterwards.

But if Perkins's tractors wrought cures, why interrupt their operations? Why is not a cure through the imagination as good as a cure through quinine?

The Check-Rein.

I wonder if men and women ever consider how impossible it is for their horses to see where they are going—with their heads strained high, and noses stuck straight out by the villainous over-check. Those who have not thought about it are invited to imagine themselves walking the streets with face turned up to the sky at an angle of forty-five degrees and held there by a strap attached to the end of the nose, running over the top of the head and firmly hooked to a belt at the waist.

Veterinary surgeons say that the overhead check-rein, by reason of the strain upon the eyes in consequence of the unnatural position of the head, the animal being unable to see the road before and beneath his feet, causes inflammation, congestion, atrophy and paralysis of the optic nerve as a result, with not unfrequently total blindness.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

Band of Mercy Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge.

M. S. P. C. A.

on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost to every person in the world who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it, &c., &c. To every Band formed in America of forty or more, we send, also without cost, "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a leaflet of "Band of Mercy" hymns and songs. To every American teacher who forms an American Teacher's Band of twenty or more, we send all the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

We have badges, beautiful membership cards for those who want them, and a membership book for each Band that wants one, but they are not necessary unless wanted. All that we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all *harmless* living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." The machinery is so simple that any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost whatever, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish to purchase badges, hymn and song leaflet, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; hymn and song leaflet, fifty cents a hundred; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, six cents. The "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole ten bound together in one pamphlet, full of anecdote as well as instruction.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a good, kind act, to make the world happier and better, is earnestly invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information.

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy hymn and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies].

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

Orders for the enlarged collection of Melodies in book form can now be filled forthwith at two cents each.

Whole number of Bands of Mercy to June 25, 5,046 with over 318,920 members.

American Teachers' Bands of Mercy.

- 547. Washington, Pa. True Band.
- 5338. P. & S., Kate A. Murphy.
- 548. Washington, Pa. Silver Star Band.
- 5339. P. & S., Fannie E. Dougan.
- 549. Washington, Pa. Little Learners Band.
- 5040. P. & S., Anna M. Parker.
- 550. Tyson, Vt.
- 5041. P. & S., Maggie King.
- Manassas, Va. Excelsior Band.
- 5042. P., Fanny Brigg.
- S., Robert Todd.
- T., Kate Roseberry.
- 551. Washington, Pa. Queen's Band.
- 5043. P., Queen M. Ross.
- S., Charlie Guinn.
- 552. Sherborn, Mass. Happy Workers' Band.
- 5044. P. & S., Clara A. Sylvester.
- 553. Auburn, N. Y. Silver Star Band.
- 5045. P., Mrs. M. Ella Porter.
- S., Nella W. Brown.
- T., Asa Colver.
- 554. East Killingly, Conn. The Loving Kindness Band.
- 5046. P. & S., Mrs. H. C. Columbus.

New Orleans.

[From the *N. O. Picayune*.]

On Thursday afternoon the union meeting of the Bands of Mercy of the McDonogh No. 7 School took place. Over three hundred children assembled together, bound by the pledge "to be kind to all." It was a very gratifying evidence that this work is succeeding. The hymn "Lo! the day of mercy breaking," was sung by the school, and as the summer wind bore the sweet strains through the vine-bordered windows of the school room, the thought would arise that perhaps through the sweet voices of these same children the teachings of mercy might be carried on and on where the summer winds were wafting their song, until the sunshine of an eternal day of mercy shall be shed upon us all! Misses Mary Baker and Julia Sansum read well written compositions on "Bands of Mercy" and "Cruelty to Animals."

Several of the girls recited with clearness and feeling poems portraying acts of devotion of our dumb friends and two or three tiny girls plead for the little birds. Miss Minnie Born accompanied the songs with much taste, and the entire school deserves congratulations for its noble efforts made for the advancement of kindness. Our future is in the hands of the children, and if they be taught mercy and kindness there will be less cruelty and wrong. If all schools will teach mercy with a half or a tenth the zeal they do the sciences the result will be kindness to animals and kindness to each other. All honor to McDonogh No. 7, its Bands of Mercy, and Miss Rossner, its efficient head.

A member of the Daisy Band of Mercy, New Orleans, reports having seen down town in a business thoroughfare a very heavily loaded wagon which the horse could not succeed in pulling over one of the "bad spots in the street." The driver was coaxing and encouraging the horse to pull harder and harder, "one more time, old fellow, and we're out," when a bystander approached, saying, "beat him and make him pull." "No, no," said the driver, "my little girl belongs to a Band of Mercy, and for her sake I won't beat; I'm trying kindness." Who the driver was the child could not say, but if this meets his eye we would like to have the name of the little daughter whose "seeds of mercy" are bearing fruit, such good fruit.

[FROM NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE.]

The other day a cart, loaded with bricks, stalled. The driver, without using the whip, was trying to assist the mules in their heavy work. We congratulated him upon his patience, and his answer was: "And what would you have me do? They won't fix the streets, and, if I beat the mules, I'll go to jail." To judge from that, we can see that the organization of our State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has done good.

President Cleveland.

Our readers will remember the account in last "DUMB ANIMALS," how at the Adirondacks last season a young fawn coming down to the lake to drink was captured alive and brought to the hotel, and about to be killed for the table, when the ladies (we rather think they belonged to some of our Bands of Mercy) plead for its release. The case was tried, arguments heard on both sides, and the judge decided it must be killed. President Cleveland, then Governor of New York, was stopping at the hotel, and to him the ladies applied for a pardon. The Governor promptly granted their request, and the little fawn, set at liberty, ran into the woods. This reminds us with what pleasure we read year before last that Governor Cleveland of New York had joined the Bands of Mercy, and reviewed the great procession at the Centennial at Rochester, N. Y., wearing upon his breast our badge.

Rev. Dr. Holland.

Rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, New Orleans, says in the *New Orleans Picayune*:

"The moral educators of all nations are their women. Men, with all their freedom of growth and developments, are what women make them. This training begins at the cradle. If, then, we are to have peace, that love must be instilled into them in infancy. If they are to consent to war, only when war means justice and right, and self-defense, it will be because reluctance to engage in strife has been woven into their characters by that sex which reflects God's own love of Peace."

Rev. Dr. Holland was the first clergyman in New Orleans to call upon the editor of this paper, and invite him to form in his Sunday-school (the largest in New Orleans,) the first Sunday-school Band of Mercy in Louisiana. It is a fact, as Dr. Holland says, that the moral educators of all nations are women. The principal and highest success of our Bands of Mercy thus far has been in schools taught and managed by women. It looks as though we must depend principally upon women for the increased heart education, which is needed in this country to-day a thousand times more than the increased brain education which seems to be the sole aim of a very large number of our male educators.

Family Secrets.

In the long, bright summer, dear to bird and bee,
When the woods are standing in liveries green and gay,
Merry little voices sound from every tree,
And they whisper secrets all the day.

If we knew the language, we should hear strange things;
Mrs. Chirry, Mrs. Flurry, deep in private chat.

"How are all your nestlings, dear? Do they use their wings?"

What was that sad tale about a cat?"

"Where is your new cottage?" "Hush! I pray you, hush!"

Please speak very softly, dear, and make no noise,
It is on the lowest bough of the lilac bush,
And I am so dreadfully afraid of boys.

"Mr. Chirry chose the spot without consulting me;
Such a very public place, and insecure for it.
I can scarcely sleep at night for nervousness; but he says I am a silly thing and doesn't mind a bit."

"So the Bluebirds have contracted, have they, for a house?
And a nest is under way for little Mrs. Wren?
Hush, dear, hush! Be quiet, dear; quiet as a mouse.
These are weighty secrets, and we must whisper them."

Close the downy dowagers nestle on the bough
While the timorous voices soften low with dread;
And we, walking underneath, little reckon how
Mysteries are couching in the tree-tops overhead.

—Susan Coolidge.

Boxes for Birds.

It is a desirable practice to place neat boxes in apple or other fruit trees for the use of the birds. A few placed at intervals through the orchard will result in much good. These boxes may be secured to one of the larger limbs where they will be out of the way. Bluebirds, wrens, and often sparrows, will build in them, and will find their food in tree-loving insects.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, July, 1885.

Summer Work of Our Society.

At June Directors' meeting held on the 16th, the following resolutions of thanks were unanimously passed. 1st. To a prominent friend in Boston, not one of the Directors, who has undertaken to pay the cost of extra officers during the summer to protect animals from cruelty at Nantasket, Marblehead, Swampscott, Lynn, and Nahant Beaches. 2d. To Mrs. J. Arthur Beebe of Boston for donation of \$500. 3d. To Mrs. William Appleton for five thousand copies of Longfellow's beautifully illustrated poem, "The Bell of Atri," for gratuitous distribution. 4th. To Miss Florence Lyman for 2500 illustrated copies of "How to Kill Animals Humanely," sent to the police of all Massachusetts cities and to the Society's agents through the State. The Boston agents have dealt with 153 complaints of cruelty during the month, had 28 animals taken from work, and 85 humanely killed. There are at present 5046 Bands of Mercy with about 318,922 members. The Society's agents were never more hardly worked than at present, and the Society ought to have funds to double their number.

The Late Mrs. John C. Lord, of Buffalo.

In the death of Mrs. John C. Lord, of Buffalo, Honorary President of the "Buffalo Society Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and Vice President of the "American Humane Association," which occurred last month, dumb animals have lost one of their best and most prominent friends. Descended from a distinguished family—married to the eminent Presbyterian divine of Buffalo, Rev. Dr. John C. Lord—noted for her warm heart and boundless sympathy—long before Mr. Bergh organized his New York Society she was well known in her own city as the watchful friend of the lower races, constantly doing acts of kindness to make their lives happier. No sooner was Mr. Bergh's Society organized than through her influence the branch was established in Buffalo, of which ex-President Fillmore was chief officer, and of which, at the time of her death, she was Honorary President.

In other religious and benevolent movements and charities she took an active part, but in none was she more constant than in striving to protect from cruelty those who have no power to protect themselves. Her death, at the advanced age of 73, is a personal loss to a wide circle of friends, a public loss to the city where she has so long resided, to the various societies of which she was an officer and member, and to our cause generally.

Let us fondly hope that her work on earth is not ended, that she, with others of our friends who, one by one, are passing from our earthly sight, may still have power to inspire our hearts and tongues and pens to speak and act for those that cannot speak for themselves.

G. T. A.

Cairo and Athens.

We learn from the May "Animal World" that a Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been formed at Cairo, Egypt, and another is about to be formed at Athens, Greece.

Rev. Mr. Timmins

At last accounts had received a warm welcome from England's humanitarian, Richard Barlow Kennett, upon whose invitation Mr. Timmins crossed the ocean and whose guest he will be while there. We are glad also to know that among the gentlemen who have offered to aid Mr. Timmins in his good work is the distinguished Cardinal Manning.

The Bands of Mercy--by Whom Were They Founded?

We answer: By the same power that gave us the sun and the moon and the stars; the same that gives us the birds with their beautiful plumage and melodious songs, and "the cattle on a thousand hills;" the same that gives us power to be made happy by the hearing of music, the seeing of flowers, the eating of the fruits of the orchard, the garden and the vineyard; the same that since the beginning of the world has been working through millions of agencies to make it happier and better, and whom we daily and nightly call "Our Father in Heaven."

Did the same power create wolves, and tigers, and venomous serpents, and evil spirits, and the "father of lies"?

We answer: The world is full of mystery which it is not given us in this life to understand. We might argue about it a thousand years and be no wiser.

No man can explain why the needle of the compass points steadily to the North so that steamers sail through stormiest nights straight to the port of destination. No man can explain how, by the magnetic telegraph, we communicate with friends in Australia or Hindostan.

No man can explain how the human voice, in its ordinary tones, is carried by the telephone fifty miles, over the noisy streets of crowded cities, along railway tracks, amid the ringing of bells, the sounding of steam whistles, the roar and jar of rushing trains. No man can explain the philosophy of a single flower that grows in our gardens, or even a single blade of grass. Neither can any man explain the origin of evil.

What matters it? It is perfectly plain that through all human history there have been two mighty powers in the world distinctly recognized as good and evil,—the one represented and typified by war, and rapine, and murder, and cruelty in ten thousand forms; and the other by Him who died on the cross, and prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

How long these mighty powers will be permitted to make this world their battlefield, when the right will finally prevail—as we believe it will prevail—it is not necessary that we should know any more than it is necessary for every private in an army to know the reason for every act of his Commanding General. We have only to obey orders, do our personal duty, stand always for the right in the great conflict, and look for our reward to the Commander whom we follow. Can we do better work just now in the service of Him who founded the Bands of Mercy than strive to increase the numbers of that division of His army whose mottoes are "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Good Will to All," "Kindness to Every Harmless Living Creature" [both human and dumb?]

G. T. A.

If you wish a thing well done you must do it yourself.

Philadelphia.

We are glad to learn by the following, received from Philadelphia, that the Boys' Societies and Bands of Mercy of that city, have formed an organization under the name of "The Young American Humane Union." We hope the Bands of Mercy in other cities may also organize "Humane Unions," though we think it better to give them the names of the cities in which they are organized. The naming of Mr. Bergh's New York Society, the American S. P. C. A., has given rise to much misunderstanding—the fact being that, though the first formed in this country, it is simply a New York society.

THE YOUNG AMERICAN HUMANE UNION.

Encouraged by the Principal and the Directors of the Locust Street schools of Philadelphia, in 1874, a society was formed among the boys of the Grammar School, with the watchwords, Reverence, Kindness, Courage, and with the purpose of cultivating among themselves habits of kindness, as well as protecting from cruelty whatever needed their care. It was called the Boys' Society for the Protection of Animals, and held occasional school meetings under the guidance of the Principal, who was President of the Branch in his own school. There was recitation or reading of humane literature by the pupils; the banner, whose color represented that Branch, was hung up, new members were enrolled by presentation of the badge, there was a short address, and books, papers and cards were distributed for home reading. This simple organization gradually extended, with the sanction of teachers and directors, to seven Boys' Grammar Schools, carrying humane literature to thousands of homes. A reading room was provided, where many excellent books and magazines could be enjoyed in the intervals of school hours and on holidays, and the Boys' S. P. A. became a source of interest and enjoyment and an influence for good. When the Hon. George T. Angell and the Rev. Thomas Timmins introduced the Band of Mercy in the schools and homes of New England, the Boys' Society followed their action by founding in Philadelphia Bands of Mercy which, within three years, reached a membership of 8000, gathered by their own efforts, and those of the committee of ladies working with them, in mission schools, orphan homes, Sunday-schools, and Public schools. The membership of the Boys' Society being equally large, and its earlier members having come to manhood, the two departments were, with a membership of more than 16,000 in 1884, consolidated under the name of The Young American Humane Union, whose object is to promote kindness to all living creatures, while protecting all, as far as possible, from cruel usage. Its members, believing Humane Education to be the most important part of the work of mercy, direct their efforts mainly to this object, and seek its furtherance by all the means in their power, having the firm conviction that every step in teaching mercy is a step to prevent crime.

The Young American Humane Union issues a small monthly paper called "The Band of Mercy and Humane Educator." Copies can be obtained at the Reading Room of the S. P. A. and Young American Humane Union, 1012 Walnut St. Subscription, yearly by mail, 25 cents.

JOHN F. LEWIS, Pres't.,
MORRISON WOOD, Sec'y.
MRS. CHARLES WILLING, Treas.

Dissections in Public Schools.

We regretted to find sometime since in an educational journal an article in large print on one of its most prominent pages, giving full and careful directions to enable teachers and pupils to dissect rabbits and cats. Side by side with our earnest labors to found "Bands of Mercy" and make the rising generation more humane, go out to the teachers and pupils of our public schools these directions.

"But right is right, since God is God;
And right the day shall win;
To doubt would be disloyalty.
To falter would be sin."

Hon. John C. Dore.

Our Chicago and other friends will be glad to know that Hon. John C. Dore and Mrs. Dore have had a pleasant passage across the Atlantic. They will probably spend several months abroad.

McDonough School No. Seven, New Orleans.

This school, under its able principal, Miss Rossner, has organized six Bands of Mercy which hold meetings once a week. The whole six hold a union meeting once a month. We have just received an order (June 18th,) for 194 more badges.

Riding the Horse to Plow.

For the first time in his life Charles is riding the horse to plow. He is quite proud of it. Only a few days ago there was snow on the ground. The wind blew from the east. It seemed as if Spring would never come.

Now the snow has melted; the soil is right for the plow; the wind blows mild from the south-west; some little violets have spread their leaves; and Spring seems to have hurried up all at once to re-clothe the trees, and to make the birds and the children glad.

Charles has left off his shoes and stockings, and put on his straw hat. It seems but the other day that he was dragging his sled over the snow. Winter staid long; but the Sun saw that poor Spring was being cheated of her rights; so he sent forth his warm rays, and then old Winter had to run for it. Off he went, with the water streaming down his cheeks.

He may try to come back for a day or two; for he is sly, and does not like to go. But the Sun is now high and strong; he is not afraid that Winter can do any more harm.

So the good farmer, who holds the plow, is going to sow the field with peas. Charles feels glad to be of some use in the world. He likes play, but he likes work too.

Good luck to the plow! Do you ever think how much you owe to it? We might dig a little with the spade; but the plow, drawn by a good horse, can turn up the earth ten times as quickly, and at much less expense. The wheat for our bread, the peas, the beans, and the greens for our table, the food for our cattle,—how scarce they would be but for the plow! Then once more, and to conclude, I say, "Good luck to the plow!"

UNCLE CHARLES.

"Whippoorwill."

When over farm and field are thrown

The twilight's mantled shades,
When silence brooding sits alone
Among the forest glades,
Like some lone spirit's misty calls
Along the dusk an echo falls
Of "Whippoorwill, poorwill, poorwill!"
That floats o'er forest, field and hill—
"Whippoorwill, poorwill!"

The silent stars like sentries seem

To watch the world below,
And deeper over wood and stream
The dusky shadows grow;
And on the night winds, drifting by,
There comes a weird and mournful cry
Of "Whippoorwill, poorwill, poorwill!"
And through the dusk the echoes thrill—
"Whippoorwill, poorwill!"



CHARLIE RIDING THE PLOW-HORSE.

Our Humane Papers.

There was a time when "OUR DUMB ANIMALS" stood alone to speak for the innumerable so-called dumb population of this vast continent. Now we have in addition "The Humane Journal," the "Band of Mercy Advocate," and "The Friends of Animals," all published at Chicago; "The Humane Educator," at Cincinnati; "Our Animal Friends," at New York City; "The Humane Record," at St. Louis; "The Vindicator and Voiceless," at Des Moines, Iowa; and "The Band of Mercy and Humane Educator," at Philadelphia. There is one excellent way to ascertain which is the best—subscribe for all, read all, and circulate all among your acquaintance.

"Johnny, it would be a good thing for you to remember in life that we never get anything in this world if we don't ask for it."

"Yes, we do, pa!" answered Johnny. "I got a licking in school to-day."

Paul did not live in clover, but he cultivated Timothy.

Good Way to Prevent a Horse from Kicking.

At McFarland's stables on Monday we saw a contrivance to cure a horse from kicking. It was nothing but an old wheat-sack filled with hay, and suspended by a rope from the ceiling, so that the sack hung just at the heels of a vicious horse as he stood in his stall. When the sack was first placed in position the kicking equine let fly both feet at it as soon as it touched him, but after ten or twenty minutes of that kind of work he came to the conclusion that the sack would return as often as he struck it, and he finally gave up trying to "knock it out." This same horse, which has a reputation as a kicker, can now be hitched to any vehicle, and he will not kick at anything that happens to strike his heels. John McEnerney, who prescribed the treatment, says that any horse can be cured by it. One good feature about it is its cheapness.

Nth. Western Stock Journal.

Louisville Mules.

A correspondent of the *National Harness Review* thus writes of Louisville mules:

Chicago has her parks and railway connections to make her famous; Cincinnati her musical culture, Boston her literary "culchah," Milwaukee her beer, and Minneapolis her flour; but Louisville has her mules. They are legion. We see them everywhere, and the more we see them the better we like them. Right here we want to put ourself on record on the mule question, and say that in the future we will cast no reproach on this most patient of beasts, the best of pullers, and most maligned of brutes. We have watched him straining every nerve and muscle with a heavy truck load, and as

the cruel lash kissed with caustic touch his homely hide, we looked in vain to see that display of temper and viciousness which would be the right and prerogative of any thoroughbred horse.

He only seems to feel guilty of his weakness, and shifting his position, will settle down to an effort as grand in its resolution, as admirable in its result, and so matchless in its devotion, that we mentally cry Bravo! The butt of ridicule, the subject of cruel jokes, the victim of a driver's brutality—is it strange that he sometimes represents the insults and mildly kicks? He *should* kick; long, hard and often, until he receives more consideration and kinder treatment.

Governor Abbett has signed the bill passed by the New Jersey Legislature making it unlawful to kill song or other birds for the purpose of using their skins for decorative purposes.

Professor—"In one evening I counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza." Class expresses great astonishment at the sociable character of the heavenly bodies.

Annexed by the Czar.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, IN ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

He was a huge dog, and he stood by the kennel, in old Dr. Gorham's back yard, in an attitude of deep meditation. There was one subject for dog-thought lying right before him, and another lay only a yard or so beyond the first.

The one was an empty 'muzzle' that lay upon the grass, close by a couple of well-picked bones. The second was an equally empty steel-collar, with a strong chain attached. The end of the chain was hooked into a staple at the side of the kennel door.

Czar was a dog to look twice at. His father had been a Siberian bloodhound and his mother an English mastiff, and Dr. Gorham would have trusted him to pull down a wild bull or to ring a church bell, if he could once have seized with his massive jaws the nose of the one or the ringing-rope of the other.

Czar made no audible remarks, but there was no difficulty in divining his meditations.

'They have fed me an hour before sundown, for some reason, and now they've gone off and neglected me. No muzzle, no chain, no master, and all the country left open. It is a state of affairs to which I am not accustomed at this time of day. If there were another bone with meat on it, I'd know exactly what to do.'

He put out a great paw and turned the muzzle over. Then he walked forward and smelled of the collar. Then he peered solemnly into the kennel. There was a mystery about the whole matter, and it seemed to suggest a visit to the front gate. That, too, was wide open, as a witness to the haste required by the summons of the last patient, and Czar could therefore walk out and look up and down the shady road for an explanation of his own case. He could not see any, at first, for there was nothing to be learned from a flock of geese, three hens, and one stray calf. The very pig that was rooting under the walnut-tree paid him no manner of attention.

Czar shrugged his shoulders to make sure about the collar, pawed his nose for a moment in memory of his muzzle, and turned for a look at the gate. There it was, with a very dingy old tin sign on one post, whose faded letters said 'Dr. Heber Gorham,' and with a very new tin sign on the other post, whose bright, fresh gilding announced 'Dr. Heber Gorham, Jr.,' as also ready for patients.

That was all right, and it occurred to Czar that a walk would be good for his health. He acted on the suggestion promptly enough, but with dignity, as became a dog of his size; and no voice from the house recalled him, so he marched away down the road towards the sea. A sniff of salt air would be just the thing for his digestion, after the hearty dinner he had eaten at the kennel.

The sun was getting low towards the horizon, and yet, away down there on the rock at the head of the cove a curly-headed young lady of nineteen, or thereabouts, was still seated, bending over a portfolio spread across her lap. From time to time she cast anxious glances from the lines she traced upon the sheet of Bristol board under her hand to the more and more shadowy island, out there in the cove.

'That will do,' she said. 'It looks bigger than the boat, now, but it isn't big enough for the tree. I must make the tree smaller; the cow's back, too,—it's half as long as the island. There is always something dreadful the matter with my waves.' She worked at the waves for a few minutes. 'If I had time, I'd try to put in the sunset. Dear me, how late it is! It will be almost dark when I get home. It gets dark so quickly nowadays, after it once begins.'

She rose a little hastily, but she gave the island a very long last look, as she closed her portfolio,—long enough for a bystander to have read her name, in gilt letters, on the leather cover,—'Percie Lee.' But no one was there to read, for a lonelier spot than that it would have been hard to find, however well adapted it might be for marine sketches.

Percie was in the road in half a minute more, and she could but see that the shadows were lengthening rapidly. She reflected: 'It is lonely for a little way beyond Dr. Gorham's, but I won't mind it from there to the village. I do hope I shall not meet Heber Gorham. I will not speak to him if I do. I won't even see him. He has not

called since he came back from Europe and I hope he never will again. I detest him.'

She said it with needless energy, and then she began to walk briskly onward. She tried hard, too, to persuade herself that she was only wondering whether, in her sketch, she had made the horns of the cow bear a proper proportion to the upper branches of the tree on the island. She was really thinking about the cow, and the cow alone, when she suddenly felt called upon to exclaim,—

'Oh, that dog!'

To be sure, that dog. Czar was on the other side of the road and he did not seem to be taking any particular notice of her, but thus Percie truly remarked of him:

'He is perfectly enormous!'

She forgot about the cow in an instant, but she did not speak her opinion directly to the dog. Neither did she think of sketching him, although he was certainly worth it. She seemed hardly to care to look at him.

Czar, on his part, had taken a good look at Percie Lee. He was not mistaken about her for one moment.

'Very nice girl. Well dressed. Pretty too; but she's out late. Most likely her family are friends of Dr. Gorham. I must have an eye on that young lady. It is getting dark.'

That eye was what startled Percie so dreadfully, a moment later; for she happened to look behind her, and there was that vast creature solemnly stalking after her.

'He is following me!' she exclaimed.

Not a doubt of it, and the fact that he stopped or went on just when she did hardly seemed to help the matter. It was getting darker and more shadowy every moment, and Percie would have been almost willing to run if she had not feared that if she did the dog would run too. He appeared larger and larger, every time she glanced behind her, until she was afraid to look again, and her breathing grew a little hurried.

'Nobody's any business to have such a dog!' she gasped in a whisper. 'It's awful.'

'She seems to be scared about something,' thought Czar. 'Girls are apt to be timid. Ah! I see! It's those ragged rascals coming down the road. Villainous-looking vagabonds. If there is anything in this world that I hate, it is a tramp.'

That is a universal sentiment among dogs of Czar's social standing; but the three ruffians who were now approaching were either ignorant of that fact, or did not know that such a dog was near.

'Dreadful men!' had been the unspoken thought in the mind of Percie Lee, and it was followed by a doubt as to whether she should ever again dare to come down to the cove.

'I must sketch the island,' she said, 'but I will come in the forenoon.'

The three men were walking abreast, now, and they were plainly determined not to turn to the right hand or the left for Percie Lee. She had just time to grasp that terrible idea and to feel her heart jump, when one of them actually spoke to her.

She never knew what he said, and her only reply, as she retreated a few steps, was an altogether unintended little scream. It was not a loud one, and there was more surprise in it than fear, but it was followed by remarkable consequences.

Czar had quickened his lordly pace, and, for some reason of his own, he had advanced a little under the shadow of the fence; but his eyes had not wandered from the human beings in the road before him. His head and tail were raised a trifle, and there was a very peculiar expression on his broad, hairy face. There was no love of tramps in it.

'Oh, now, we hain't hurt you. You needn't squall.'

That was what the second of those three ruffians began to say, when an awful, wrathful, roaring growl, as of warning, sounded from some deep-jawed cavern among the shadows at the right of Percie Lee. It was followed, in one long, elastic, power-expressing bound, by a huge dark form that in one second more was crouching in front of her.

The first and second tramp upset the third, and tumbled over him, so sudden was the retreat they made, while Czar, for their special benefit and more at length, repeated his growl, with a supplementary snarl that sounded fearfully like the announcement of another spring forward.

The remarks made by all of those vagabonds, as they scrambled to their feet, were in a manner complimentary to Czar, although not intended to be so.

Percie Lee stood behind her protector, and she could not see, as they did, the white rows of gleaming teeth. She could perfectly understand, however, that there was an enormous amount of good between her and any further approach of ruffianly insolence. She was almost astonished at the sudden feeling of security which came upon her and at the entire ease with which she began to breathe again.

Czar did not spring. He did but crouch in that picturesque attitude until the nearest tramp was fifty yards away, on a steady run; and then he stood erect, sending after his enemies one deep, sonorous 'Woof-oof,' to keep them company.

'Good dog! good fellow!'

'Ur-r-r-r,' was the gentle response of Czar, and he even wagged his tail, moderately, but he did not condescend to look round. He walked slowly on up the road, and it was now Percie's turn to follow him.

'I do not think I had better leave her,' said Czar to himself; 'not even when we get to our house.'

It was not until they reached the turn of the road, away beyond Dr. Gorham's, that he at last stood still. Percie wished very much to pat him, but she could hardly muster courage, and while she was hesitating there came a sound of wheels, and a light buggy pulled up in the middle of the road.

'Dr. Gorham!'

'Percie Lee! Is that you? I declare! Miss Lee—and that great brute—it's all my fault. Did he scare you much, Percie—Miss Lee?'

'Is it your dog, Heber—doctor?'

'Czar! Come here, sir!'

'Oh, doctor, don't scold him. He has been taking care of me. There were three of them.'

'Dogs, Miss Lee?'

'No, sir; tramps. Dreadful-looking—they spoke—he is a splendid dog,—beautiful.'

'He? Ah,—well,—it's a good thing he didn't take hold of one of them. There'd have been a fine surgical case for me, in no time. But how did he happen to be out? Unmuzzled, too. I remember, now. All my fault.'

'I guess he must have been left out to take care of me, doctor.'

'Ain't I glad of it, though! Now, Miss Lee, you must step right into my buggy and let me carry you home. Czar, go home, sir!'

He turned to obey, but a small, white hand was on his head as he did so.

'Good dog, Czar; thank you, sir.'

It was odd, indeed, but something in that remark seemed aimed at the dog; and it must have hit him, too, by the proud way of his walking off; but some of it went further. The young physician assisted Percie into the buggy, and drove away; and it was quite a distance around the corner of the main road that they passed a dimly discernable and quite breathless group that leaned against a fence. Nobody going by in a buggy could have heard them mutter:

'Tell ye what, boys, that was the awfulest dog I ever seen.'

'Guess we won't try that there road agin to-night. He's loose.'

'All them sort o' dogs has got to be killed off, or the roads won't be safe.'

Perhaps, but at that moment Czar was re-entering his own yard, for he went straight back to his quarters. He stood for a moment turning over his empty muzzle with his paw, and then lay heavily down. He thought he understood the entire matter now.

Heber Gorham knew that young lady would be in need of me. It's all right, but I doubt if I did my whole duty. Unmuzzled, too. A lost opportunity!'

As to the tramps, yes, but not as to all other parts of his performance. He hardly knew how it afterwards came to pass, but before long he discovered that he had formed a habit of going down to the cove with Percie Lee, to see her take sketches of islands, trees, waves, cows, and other matters and things, and of remaining till Heber Gorham, Jr., M. D., came to take his place, with or without a buggy. He failed fully to understand the business until another sort of day arrived, when he found himself called upon to attend a wedding, by special invitation of Percie Lee; and

then to recognize her as a permanent addition to his own household at the old Gorham homestead. He agreed to it. He liked that young woman from the first time he saw her. And so, to tell the truth, did his master.

Our Summer Work at Beaches.

Our friends at Swampscott, Lynn and Nahant will be gratified to learn that through the continued kindness of a good friend of our work—not a Director of our Society—we shall have an agent constantly on duty at their beaches every day from June 14th to September 1st, and complaints addressed to Lewis D. Clark, 90 Oxford St., Lynn, will receive prompt investigation. Also beginning June 14th, every Sunday, until the close of the season, two agents at Nantasket beach and vicinity. Complaints for this locality may be addressed to Erastus Whiton, Hingham, and Charles R. Cook, South Hingham.

During the same period William Lincoln, of Marblehead, will attend to complaints at Marblehead and at the neck.

Ohio.

In the May "Humane Educator," Cincinnati, we find that branches of the Ohio S. P. C. A. have been recently formed in six counties of that State, and it is expected that in eighteen other counties branches will soon be formed.

The Ohio Society employs a very efficient general agent and lecturer to go through the State forming branches and obtaining co-operative members of the State Society. All money obtained from such members goes to pay the expense of organizing branches, circulating humane literature, and prosecuting the work through the State.

The Educator is the able organ of what bids fair to be one of the most influential societies of this country and the world.

New Hampshire Society report for the quarter ending May 1st.—415 cases investigated, 14 prosecuted, 21 animals mercifully killed, and agent visited 28 towns.

The Washington (D. C.) Humane Society reports through Mr. S. W. Russell, its General Manager, excellent results. Mr. and Mrs. J. Arthur Beebe of Boston have become life members. A beautiful fountain for man and beast has just been erected by Mr. Stillson Hutchins in front of his newspaper block, in memory of his late wife, the deeply lamented former Secretary, and earnest friend of the Society. On it is inscribed "Given to the S. P. C. A. by Sarita M. Hutchins." No face in Washington is more firmly impressed upon our memory as identified with the early history of the Society, than that of its enthusiastic young lady Secretary.

"Oh! tho' oft depressed and lonely,
All my tears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died."

China.

Mr. Spimey, Chief Commissioner of China at the Exposition, says that during a residence of two and a half years in Pekin, where mules are used even more than in New Orleans, he has never seen a mule balk. These poor dumb brutes are universally treated kindly by Chinese, who believe that kindness will do more than blows over the head. Cases of cruelty to animals are rare throughout China.

It is a pity we cannot have a Chinese commissioner to regulate the number of passengers a one mule car should carry. Whoever saw such numbers as in the last few days have crowded in the cars, on the steps, and hung like so many bats from the sides and windows. People have to be conveyed, and there should be a sufficient number of cars to do it. It is cruel to the mule and also to the passengers, to pack a car like a sardine box.

—New Orleans Picayune.

Larry, who owns a pet crow, says that he intends to make a lawyer of the bird, so that it may practice at the crowbar.

St. Augustine, Fla.

We have received from Prof. J. S. Cowdon, the earnest Secretary of the St. Augustine Humane Society, the following with a long list of paid members attached.

ST. AUGUSTINE HUMANE SOCIETY.

OBJECT: The prevention of cruelty to human beings and all the lower creatures.

OFFICERS for year ending May 1, '86: President, Dr. Andrew Anderson. Vice-Presidents: Mr. J. A. Enslow, Jr., Rev. E. Root, Rev. P. Lynch, Rev. S. T. Wilson, Rev. C. C. McLean, Col. Albert Tracy, Mr. Franklin W. Smith, Mr. B. Genovar, Miss S. A. Mather and Mrs. John L. Wilson. Secretary and Treasurer: J. S. Cowdon. Board of Directors: Dr. Andrew Anderson, Mr. E. D. Sabin, Mr. J. F. Llambras, Dr. DeWitt Webb, Dr. J. K. Rainey, Rev. C. C. McLean and Mr. J. S. Cowdon.

St. Augustine.

We are glad to publish the following from Prof. Cowdon's letter, dated June 15, to Mr. Franklin W. Smith of this city, about the work of the new St. Augustine Society.

"We have two nice six feet long by two feet wide watering troughs already at work."

"Our city ordinance for prevention of cruelty will be introduced to-night."

"We shall incorporate in July."

"All seems lovely. We intend a big entertainment July 6th, and wish you were here."

We are informed by letter that Major A. J. Russell, Vice-President of the State Humane Society and State Superintendent of Public Education, proposes to put the "Bands of Mercy" into all the schools of Florida.

The Cat.

Here, then, is a brute which has been so long domesticated that its origin is as obscure as that of the horse, which is probably from Persia, but is as familiar in Northern Greenland as in Central Africa; which has been painted and petted, and is the theme of more poetry than even the dog. Yet, except for a brief reaction against it in the Middle Ages, it is questionable if its popularity was ever seriously in danger. The sportsman hates it, not without reason, and at a period when humanity was more dormant than at any other period in the history of Europe, it was considered an encouragement to good behavior to throw a few cats into the fire at the Feast of St. John. Its large green eyes, like those of the owl, had something to do with this evil reputation, for it was regarded as the familiar of witches, and the materialized form of the demon by whose powers they were supposed to work their deeds without a name. Still, this unpopularity was never general, nor did it last very long; otherwise, despite the caterwaulings which now and then get them into trouble, and even into the courts of law, there would not at this moment be 350,000 in England alone, as a recent calculation, which is doubtless within the mark, estimates our feline population to be. What, then, is the secret of the cat's popularity? The brute is not grateful, nor is it, like the dog, self-sacrificing. No cat would wet its feet to save its master, were this possible, or its master's child which has played with it, a service which is oftener within its power. A dog will risk blows and its life to defend those whom it loves. No cat on record ever turned its tail to protect any one from ill usage, or, unlike the dog, which has been known to die of hunger rather than leave its master's grave, displays anything akin to sorrow for those who fed and cared for it while they were alive. All of our domestic animals, as M. Flourens long ago pointed out, are sociable. The ox, the pig, the dog and the rabbit exist naturally in association and in numbers. But the cat is solitary. It lives with us, but it does not associate with us. It receives our bounty, but it does not give in exchange submission, docility, or the services of those species which are truly domestic. In brief, the cat proves—we speak of the rule, not of the exception—that unless an animal is primarily sociable, time, care and custom avail nothing. The very tamed of cats has never yet been reduced to subjection. Some show a certain amatory attachment; but if interfered with, the tiger, to which they are so closely akin, instantly appears. The cat may caress, but it must be in the humor and in the best of circumstances. The love of the most attached of the species is hard to win and easy to forfeit. In this respect it and the dog differing widely.

—Animal World, from London Standard.

Zinc Collar Pads for Horses.

This is not an advertising paper, but for the good of horses we take pleasure in saying that after many conversations with horsemen and seeing many certificates of veterinary surgeons and others, we believe that for curing and preventing sores on horses, there has been no better invention than the zinc collar pads, patented, manufactured and sold by Dexter Curtis, of Madison, Wisconsin, who was superintendent of the department of horses at the World's New Orleans Exposition.

Shooting Deer in Summer.

It was a delightful evening of May, 1870. I had been to listen to an able discourse on the probable immortality of human and animal life. The faithful dog, the patient and long-suffering horse, and shy wild animals, were ably and interestingly discussed. I returned home, and, as my wife was away on a visit and I was alone, I called my faithful hunting dog into the house with me. Retiring to rest, I fell into a fitful slumber, when I distinctly heard my name called. Rising up, I saw a mist-like form, with beautiful, expressive eyes, and a sweet, quiet voice said: "Come with me." An irresistible power seemed to control me, and we passed up into mid-air, above my dwelling, when, with a seemingly familiar voice, my companion asked me if I would like to visit the Adirondacks. "Oh, yes," said I, and, twining its transparent drapery about me, we flew along rapidly. As we passed along, I recognized the lake and the very place where, a year before, I shot by torch-light at a large doe, wounding her so severely that she was just able to get away out of the water and up into the woods. As I spoke to my companion she seemed to sigh, while a shudder passed through her frame. Slowly we turned from the lake, and passing up the side, we came to a beautiful glade, and descending here alighted where the tall woody grass and ferns formed a natural bower. Looking around I saw two little fawns emaciated and starving. Their unkempt faces showed the want of the toilet of their mother's tongue. Their little weeping eyes were glassy and death-stricken. I could only just hear a plaintive, whispering bleat of the little dying infant deer. And as I stood there one, leaning forward, fell prone upon the grass, dead. The other settled down on his little knees and closed his eyes in death. Near them lay the festering form of their dead mother. Turning away from the cruel, sickening sight, I spoke to my companion. She sighingly said, "It is the deer you shot at on the lake. Ah!" said she, "the Angel of Mercy passeth by on the other side and hath no tears to shed when the cruel man dies." Heartsick, I asked to return home, and as we neared my house I asked my companion who she was. She replied, "I am the spirit of that deer you shot at—the mother of those dead fawns."

—From Forest and Stream.

Mrs. Dr. John C. Lord.

DIED IN BUFFALO, N. Y., MAY 26TH, 1885.

A life of humane, fine intent
Receives rest as its complement;
A woman the world loves, reveres,
Lays down the garland of her years.

To us she leaves, as dower fair,
The speechless creatures of her care;
Commended by example grand
That we protect and understand.

Her organism, strength and soul
Combined to make a perfect whole;
Her generous, loving works and ways
Shed over us refulgent rays.

No narrow boundaries hemmed her in,
To her all cruelty was sin;
And yet her charity complete
Was as Christ's at the mercy seat.

She does not die in losing breath;
Such lives and memories baffle death;
The great soul gone to its reward,
She still is our dear Mrs. Lord.

Mrs. S. L. OBERHOLTZ.

Norristown, Pa., May 30 '85.

Officers of the Society.**President.**

GEORGE T. ANGELL, Boston.

Vice-Presidents.

His Excellency the Governor and one hundred others through the State.

Directors.

George T. Angell, Daniel Needham,
Mrs. Wm. Appleton, Henry B. Hill,
George Noyes, J. Boyle O'Reilly,
Dr. D. D. Slade, Nathan Appleton,
Russell Sturgis, Jr., Mrs. R. T. Paine, Jr.,
Henry S. Russell, Miss Alice Russell,
Mrs. J. C. Johnson, Thomas W. Bucknell,
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Trustees of Permanent Fund, —Samuel E. Sawyer, Samuel C. Cobb, George T. Angell.

Auditors, —Samuel E. Sawyer, William H. Baldwin.

Counselor, —William Minot, Jr.

Prosecuting Agents at Boston Offices, —Charles A. Currier, Joseph Baker, Thomas Langlan.

Clerk at Society's Office, —Francis S. Dyer.

The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

As a guide to friends who may desire to remember the Society in their wills, the following forms are given:—

PERSONAL PROPERTY.

I give and bequeath to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the sum of — dollars, directing my executors to pay the same to the person who may be acting as treasurer of said Society at the time.

REAL ESTATE.

I give and devise unto the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, (here insert description of property,) to have and to hold the same unto the said Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, its successors and assigns, forever.

Higher Education for Cavalry Horses.

Lieut. Gen. Sheridan has received several photographs from Fort Bayard, N. M., representing two troops of the Sixth cavalry firing over the bodies of their horses, which lie flat on the ground. In a letter accompanying the photographs, Maj. A. K. Arnold states that in each of four troops, averaging thirty-five horses each, there are about twenty-five horses that have been thus trained, and that nearly all of them lie down. The men can climb all over their bodies and fire in various positions without stirring the horses. This is the result of about three months' work, one horse per day, harring Saturdays, Sundays and bad weather, under direction of Maj. Arnold.

Another desirable result of this training is that men who were formerly timid have become courageous and confident in the handling of their horses, and horses formerly dangerous are now thoroughly gentle. Considering that these horses are California bronchos, generally aged, their thorough training is all the more remarkable, and much better results may be expected from young American horses.

—Washington Star.

To Young Sportsmen.

Never shoot at harmless and worthless birds "just to try your hand." Most small birds are pretty, some of them sing sweetly, and nearly all of them are useful as insect destroyers. It is brutal to kill them for any other than scientific or artistic purposes.

St. Nicholas.

Receipts by the Society in May.**FINES.**

From Police Court, —Chelsea, \$5.
District Court, —Malden, [2 cases,] \$10.
Municipal Court, —Boston, [3 cases,] \$25.
Witness fees, \$6.70. Total, \$46.70.

FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Jos. S. Fay, \$25; R. Salisbury, \$3; Mrs. T. D. Boardman, \$3;
Mrs. D. W. Cheever, \$1.50.

TEN DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. Chas. Mifflin, Mrs. Dwight, Mrs. S. E. Westcott, David W. Simonds, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Howe, Jonathan French, Laban Pratt, Mrs. S. R. Osgood.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

C. W. Loring, James Jackson, Mrs. Whitmore, Mrs. S. L. Hinckley, Mrs. James Tolman, Geo. McConnell, R. M. Pulsifer, A. A. Burrage, Smith, Doolittle & Smith, R. C. Mackay, Mrs. N. I. Bowditch, Dr. R. M. Hodges, Abbott Lawrence, Jno. C. Ropes, Field, Bollivant & Field, J. F. Faxon, Henry Endicott, Mrs. E. E. Rice, Shepard, Norwell & Co., Mrs. K. E. Colby, Allen, Lane & Co., Leland, Rice & Co., J. B. Witherbee, Bigelow & Dowse, Henry D. Dupee, Chas. Richardson, Gorham Rogers, C. H. Andrews, E. Cummings & Co., L. B. Harrington, S. Friedman, W. S. Eaton, Amos W. Stetson, Wm. Perkins, Chas. W. Amory.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Mr. Edw. Cordis, Francis Harn, Dewson, Williams & Co.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. Wm. H. Browne, W. C. Williams, Perley Gardner.

Total, \$296.50.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Penn. Soc. P. C. to Animals, \$25; Miss L. M. Phillips, \$15.75;
Maria Murdoch, \$3.15; Mrs. Geo. Huntington, \$2.50; Mrs. F. Alexander, \$1.50; Miss C. Barnard, \$1.08; Subs. Agencies, .80.

THREE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. S. R. Osgood, Annie W. Abbot.

TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. T. Wentworth, A. S. Eaton, T. Harrison, Mrs. Geo. C. Ewing.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

H. B. Scammall, Ann E. Ladd, L. Willard, E. Clark, A. D. Weld, Mrs. A. M. Dix.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

M. H. Jordan, L. B. Smith, Chas. H. Whittemore, J. Albree,
C. B. Warren, David Cederholm, A. I. Parker, Rev. Albert Ham-
matt, Mrs. Masich, Anna C. Morris.

Total, \$74.78.

OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$56.25; publications sold, \$9.04.

RECEIPTS BY TREASURER.

Mrs. J. Arthur Beebe, \$500.

Total receipts in May, \$983.27.

Cases Reported at Office in May.

For beating, 10; overworking and overloading, 2; overdriving, 4;
driving when lame or galled, 53; non-feeding and non-sheltering,
11; torturing, 11; driving when diseased, 8; general cruelty, 53.
Total, 152.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 43;
warnings issued, 45; not found, 9; not substantiated, 38; anonym-
ous, 6; prosecuted, 11; convicted, 9.

Animals taken from work, 28; killed, 85.

Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.
Band of Mercy Advocate. Chicago, Ill.
Band of Mercy and Humane Educator. Philadelphia, Pa.
Friends of Animals. Chicago, Ill.
Humane Educator. Cincinnati, Ohio.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Ill.
Humane Record. St. Louis, Mo.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Vindicator and Voiceless. Des Moines, Iowa.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Animal's Friend. Vienna, Austria.
Bulletin of Cuban S. P. A. and Plants. Havana, Cuba.
Bulletin of Royal Society P. A. Brussels, Germany.
Cimbria. Schleswig-Holstein, Germany.
The Dove. A Messenger of Love and Mercy. Berlin, Prussia.
German P. A. Journal "Ibis." Berlin, Prussia.
Swiss Protection of Animals Journal. Zurich, Switzerland.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.

Milwaukee, Wis. Annual Report of the Wisconsin Humane Society, for 1884.

Pittsburgh, Pa. Annual Report of the Western Pennsylvania Humane Society, for 1884.

Providence, R. I. Fifteenth Annual Report of Rhode Island S. P. C. A., for 1884.

Calcutta, India. Report of the Calcutta Society P. C. A., for 1884.

Washington, D. C. Annual Report of the District of Columbia Society P. C. A., for 1884.

Coventry, England. Eleventh Annual Report, for 1884.

Preston, England. Fifth Report of the Preston Society P. C. A., for 1884.

Antwerp, Belgium. Annual Report of the Antwerp Society P. A., for 1884.

Brunswick, Germany. Third Yearly Report of the Brunswick P. A., for 1884.

Dresden, Germany. Report of the Doings of the Assembly of German Animal-Protection Societies, in Dresden, Sept. 24-27, 1884.

List of German Societies P. A. and of their Publications, Jan. 1, 1885.

Florence, Italy. Annual Report of the Florence Society P. A., for 1884.

Hamburg, Germany. Forty-third Yearly Report of Hamburg S. P. A., for 1884.

Havre, France. Havre Society P. A. Bulletin No. 1, 1880-1884.

Munich, Bavaria. Thirteenth Annual Report of the Munich Society P. A., for 1884.

Trieste, Italy. Report of the Trieste Society P. A., for 1884.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole ten bound together, or \$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses," .45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "
"The Check Reim," by G. T. Angell, .60 "
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, .95 "
Humane Picture Card, "Waiting for the Master," .75 "
"Selections From Longfellow," 3.00 "
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy," .45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc. .65 "
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins, 1.25 "
"Band of Mercy Melodies," book form, 2c. each.
Band of Mercy Register, 6 cents.
"Cards of Membership, 2 cents each.

All the above can be had in smaller numbers the same rates.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS,

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Entrance around the corner, 1 Bosworth Street.

Coburn Bros. & Snow, Printers, 114 Washington St., Boston.

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